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The Way To The City.

The city of the Lord I see.
Beyond the firmament afar;
Its every dome a noonday sun.
And every pinnacle a star!
How shall I scale those shining heights,
And in his beauty see the King,
And hear the anthems of the skies,
Those songs celestial voices sing?
Lead me, thou spotless Lamb of God,
And place me near thy wounded side;
With thee in glory let me live
Immortal, since thou once hast died.
Thou art my Savior! there is none
But thee on whom I dare rely;
For thee, O Christ, 'tis mine to live,
In thee my joy shall be to die.
Then, while this crumbling body sleeps
In hope beneath its native sod;
My soul, redeemed, will rise to see
The shining city of my God!
—PRIME.

A Baptismal Dinner.

Louisville, Stark Co., Ohio.—I reached this place after a very unpleasant experience in Columbus, viz: walking the floor nearly all night with a broken tooth, being at my sister-in-law's house. I was made more comfortable than I would have been at a hotel. At Bro. Josiah Keim's home I found rest and at night, Saturday Oct. 17th, talked a little while to the church members, preached on Sunday morning but had to vacate the pulpit on Sunday night.

The German Reformed Synod was in session during the week and one of their preachers was announced for our church on Sunday night. I do not object to a manifestation of courtesy, nor to other preachers occupying our pulpits, but there is a time for all things, a time to show courtesy and a time to attend to our own affairs, as the Louisville meeting was announced before the session of the synod, and as I commenced the meeting before Sunday, it would have been no act of discourtesy to have held the pulpit for our own use.

On Monday night we went to work again, and the fire of truth commenced to burn, sinners came out; on Sunday morning two came, and at night five came, by Tuesday evening we had nine for baptism, besides several by relation. Some came to us amidst great opposition, and the cross was heavy to carry, but when they started, Jesus put his hand under and the burden became light. They could do all things through Christ who strengthened them.

Nine were baptized by brother Keim in the stream running through brother Jesse Hersberger's place. After the baptism we repaired to our brother's house and partook of a baptismal dinner, preachers, candidates and others gathered around a well filled table, and to the good things provided by our sisters full justice was done. It was an interesting sight to see a table surrounded by those who had such a short time before been buried with Christ in baptism. Bro. Jesse, may we all meet in God's great house and partake of his hospitality. It will be nice won't it? for we shall never separate when we are once in heaven, our eternal home.

"Where the hope of the heart shall know no blight,
And owe love no broken ties."

Our love-feast was the next night. Though dark and rainy the attendance was good; in point of numbers, was an improvement over the last one, some twenty more communed at this one than at the last. You see the cause is moving notwithstanding reports to the contrary. Several from the other side of the fence feasted with us, thus putting themselves on record as being in favor of gospel rule.

Twice after this we went to the water and witnessed baptism performed by brother Keim; others came by relation, some from the German Baptists, some from the River Brethren, one from the United Brethren, one from the German Reformed. Thirteen candidates were baptized, and one awaiting baptism—a young sister confined to her room by an accident. I expect to hear of others coming for the work is not finished in Louisville and will not be as long as the devil has such a strong hold as he has.

Did we have an opposition? Of course we had. Did you ever know the devil to sit at home and suck his thumb when his children were leaving him? He showed his cloven foot here. Some of his backers thought I did not preach the Scriptures enough at first, soon as I commenced to drive and clinch my points, they commenced to cry aloud. Friends when preaching try to please them; foes when preaching pleased God. Thank God I am not riding into heaven on men's imagination, and I intend to preach the truth as I understand it, if the world, the flesh, the devil, and the church opposes. Thank God for opposition.

Some men during this meeting reminded me of a story I once heard or read: A bell was cracked, in the cracked bell hung a round clapper, the clapper complained and was gaining the sympathy of the people, when an old philosopher came along and worried at the clapper's grumbling, said, "Mr Clapper, before you complain any more, remember two things. First, you cracked that bell, second, nobody would know it was cracked if you did not tell them." Those for whom this point is intended will probably give it to some one else as people in such things are very charitable.

Before our meeting closed, brother Jacob Keim's two daughters came to friends from Dakotah, Lillie and Sallie. I changed the name of Sallie to Decotah, and suggested that she write a letter to the EVANGELIST. Lillie is stopping with brother John and Decotah with brother Josiah Keim, success to them.

My home was with brother Jonas Keim, who, with his family and sister, done all for my comfort they could do, I shall ever remember them and all my Louisville friends: they are too numerous to mention.

The church here is alive and in working order, and greater success will attend them when they are divorced from business.

Bro. Keim is doing a good work but he will do a better work when he devotes all his time to the work. But the old question looks us in the face, how can this be done without money. I wish churches were able and willing to support their pastors as they should be.

It was my intention to go home the night of the lovefeast, and meet brother Shaver, in Hagerstown; but circumstances alter cases, this is one of the cases circumstances alter, with prayers for success, I am Truly,
JOHN DUKE MCFADEN.

A glorious Meeting in the West.

Westward, it is said, the Star of Empire turns, and if the brethren in the west will hold many revival meetings during the coming winter with an effect as glorious as the one just closed by them near Parsons, Kans., by next spring the empire of our Brotherhood will be greatly strengthened and territorially enlarged. I tell you, Brethren, we have got the doctrine, and if judiciously presented it will tell upon men with saving effect.

The writer was favored with the privilege of meeting with the Brethren nine miles south-east of Parsons, at the house of Bro. Richard Arnold, on Oct. 31st, in a communion capacity, and a heavenly communion we had. You see our beloved brethren and co-laborers, D. Harader, of Sumner Co., Kans., and A. J. Hixon, the resident minister, had been wielding the sword of the spirit with good effect about a week before we came to their assistance and, of course, when we joined them they were quite willing—in fact anxious to saddle the labor of preaching on us. We began on Sunday morning, Nov. 1st, and continued every evening till Sunday evening, Nov. 8th, when we preached our farewell discourse to a packed house of weeping listeners. During these meetings the little flock under Bro. Hixon's care was increased twenty-one in number: three by letter, five by relation, and thirteen by baptism. If it were not for the fact that the story has grown stale and unpalatable we would inform the readers of the EVANGELIST that the meetings closed just one week too soon, but we feel assured that had the meetings continued one more week there would have been a number more added. Why, there seemed to be a tremendous awakening! During these meetings or rather part of the time the G. B. brethren also conducted services some three miles distant which were attended by quite a number of their ministers. Part of their services we were told partook of the old fashioned council spirit, but then I guess it was mild if not consistent. At any rate they concluded to let their hat-wearing sisters go scott free, just as they have done recently nearly every where else. The brethren in Labette Co., have certainly a delightful country, and in their hearts and houses seem well pre-

pared to entertain strangers, and such well behaved audiences. They excel in this particular.

We never felt more loth to part from a congregation than we did from that one. Our prayer is, God bless that delightful country and its noble inhabitants. O yes, since we have gone thus far and told or rather hinted at our enjoyments while with that dear people, we must not forget to tell the little bitter experience we had while with them. Well in our simple style of telling things the story would run about like this. One day in company with Bro. Hixson and daughter we went up to Parsons, when we were ready to start homeward and had already got into the wagon, whom should we see on the sidewalk but a G. B. preacher an old friend with whom in former years we had often mingled in the worship of God, but whom we had not seen for some ten or twelve years. In the impulse of our warm nature, we thought not of church separation, but jumped off the wagon, called and ran after our old friend and brother to enjoy a few moments of friendly greeting.

But what do you think friendly reader? Why we got snubbed. I believe that is what some folks call discourtesy. Our friend looked us over from head to foot, then made the remark: "You don't look as humiliating as you used to." We hardly knew what to make of the remark. Our overcoat and pantaloons were old and threadbare; our hat of the black low crowned style—but we were not held long in suspense: "You trim your whiskers" was the responsive proof. God bless the dear man, for some men are much better than their religion and we believe Bro.—is one of those men.

O, prejudice! prejudice! prejudice! When will we and how can we get rid of thee?

Well, we have concluded to be careful who we run after in the future.

W. J. H. BAUMAN.
Morrill, Kans.

Valuable Opportunities Noticed.

The EVANGELIST still comes, (when it don't get washed away, wish some one could sympathize enough to move them to send me that missing number) and is most gladly received. I thought, however, some time ago that some one signing himself, Sel. was crowding others out badly, but of late he seems to have become more courteous: So come then, brethren and sisters, let us pick up our pens and write, because I know we too have many thoughts which would be edifying to one another if presented.

I fear we do not properly appreciate and improve, in this respect, our opportunities for doing good. How we love to talk with our friends on many subjects, and when they visit us we are so careful about their wants, and when we visit them we are fearful least our stay might become burdensome to them, that, con-

sequently, much of the pleasure is destroyed. Now you will perceive, that all this will be obviated by holding converse through the paper; and I always think we get the truest, and deepest thoughts in writing, as we are apt to be more calm and considerate than when speaking. Another reason why we should rally to the front, is the fact, that '85 is growing old and will expire, and with it many subscriptions, too, for the EVANGELIST and we should certainly in the meantime put forth every reasonable effort to effect a general renewing.

Now I would suggest that we, in order to redeem our credit as contributor's, name some subject about which to write; say for instance: "Sanctification" and let all who will, write a short pointed article for the EVANGELIST in which will be portrayed their idea of the effects of sanctification on the believer, or in other words, How may we know that we are among the sanctified? and send it so that it will be at Ashland by Dec. 1st. None to be published until all are in, so that our views may be independent of each other, which will make the comparing vastly more interesting. And then by the 1st of January have another subject ready for publication upon the same plan, and so on,—Hoping this plan, or a revision of it may be carried into effect,

I remain as ever, your co-worker.

LAURA SLOTTER.
Columbiana, Ohio.

From Louisville, Ohio.

Bro. McFaden came to us on the 18th of Oct. and preached each eve. for two weeks.

The present result is thirteen were received by baptism and six by relation, nineteen in all, and others promised to come soon.

Last June one year ago, we organized with thirty-two members and had no house of worship. Now we have a good house, a flourishing Sunday School and a membership of about seventy, mostly young people. Truly the Lord has blessed us, and we feel thankful.

On the 28th, we had our communion. Sixty-five communed; Bro. P. J. Brown was with us; Our meeting was a success with a few exceptions. Bro. McFaden is an excellent preacher. Delivered some very able sermons.

We thank the Lord for what he has done for us by our brother, and may the Lord bless him in his efforts to do good.

JOSIAH KEIM.

Dr. S. Irenæus Prim's work, "The Power of Prayer," has just been translated into Swedish.

There is a Baptist church of seventeen or eighteen members at Nablous, Palestine;—the ancient Shechem—with a congregation of 100, a Sunday-school of 140, a day-school of 100 Mohammedan girls, and a house of worship called "Zion Upper Chamber Baptist Chapel."